





This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the recapture of Calais by the French from the English in 1558. The loss of this important sea port, the last holding of the English in France. broke the spirit of Queen Mary who regarded it as one of the prize possessions of the kingdom.

When a Girl Marries

Anne Enjoys a Drive With Sheldon Blake, Who Says Many Agreeable Things in a Sentimental Manner "This is the first friendly little fore the grandeur of the glowing drive without quantities of folks sky and water.

drive without quantities of folks

along, I've had since-my honey-

moon. It rests me and makes me

I wasn't coquetting when I said

it, but all in a moment I knew Shel-

don thought I was. He slowed the

car, and leaning across the wheel

he looked into my eyes and said, in

quaint little Lilac Lady-you are

sweeter than I ever guessed. You

aren't afraid to say you're enjoy-

ing yourself and you aren't too

blase to enjoy the simplest things.

How under the sun have I managed

For just one minute I was in-

clined to put Sheldon firmly back

in his place with an abrupt word.

Then I thought of Jim-content to be alone with Evvy-and taking me

so completely for granted as his own property that he could bundle

me out with Sheldon as calmly as

if I were his maiden aunt. It was

silly not to enjoy this ride-and if I

squelched Sheldon he would right-

about-face and take me home. So I

grinned as mischievously as I dared

"Meaning that I've managed to

keep my charm hidden pretty thor-

oughly-eh, what? Well-do you see

it now? Do you begin to see what

you've missed-the way I do" asked

Sheldon almost tenderly, as the gray

roadster drew out on the River road

and drove into the heart of a glori-

ous crimson and purple and gold

"The river-all tawny under its

purple shadows!" I cried, impul-

sively, forgetting personalities be-

If the Child

Hates Milk

By Loretto C. Lynch.

are rubbing it into us poor folks,"

remarked a young woman as she

sympathized with a poorer neighbor

who was raking through her worn-

out handbag for the wherewithal to

"Well, I've gone without a new

winter coat again this year to buy

milk for mine, because the doctor

food one gives a child ever takes

drink it one glass after the other.

They are not particularly fond of

milk just as it comes from the bot-

tle. So I have learned to hide over

one quart apiece each day in their

It seems an unspeakable crime

that, with the whole world suddenly

learning to think for the helpless

and unfortunate, the price of milk

should be beyond easy reach of the

Nevertheless, bemoaning the fact

is not getting milk for America's

little ones. And until some one is

big enough to take the milk dealers

by the horns and force them to

terms the American housewife must

just grin and bear it. It is hard-

it is very hard. It is heart-break-

ing when one thinks that perhaps

the child of wealthy parents may

never be so valuable an asset to the

State as perhaps the child of some

poor woman whose child must grow

up with an undernourished body,

detrimental perhaps to the wonder-

In the meantime, women who are

intrusted with preparing the meals

for children must make every effort

Often milk is not properly cared

for after it reaches the home, and

this causes the inexperienced to say

that milk does not "agree" with the child. When the milk comes to the

home in bottles, the bottle should

be carefully and thoroughly washed off with a clean cloth and clear

water before being put into the

refrigerator. There are a number

of devices on the market to replace

the paper stopper, and it will repay

the housewife to look into these

Milk "makes" a child's body. And

it is also one of the cheapest body-

building foods for children even at

its present high price. But little

ones often tire of milk as early as

their second year, and this just at

the time when they need milk.

There are several causes for this.

Sometimes it is due to unattractive

serving. Sometimes It is due to

the fact that children are given

tastes of highly flavored foods like

But often the child just craves

variety. And when the child will

not drink milk from a bottle or a

glass, instead of coaxing or scold-

"But," some one says, "if I try to

give my child cream of potato soup

as you suggest, he sees just 'milk'

Then try the cream soups which

have some color. A cup of juice

strained from cooked spinsch might

be combined with a cup of thicken-

ed milk and result in a cream of

spinach soup of delicate green color.

Likewise a cup of strained tomato

to which a speck of baking soda

has been added, may be stirred into

a cup of thickened milk and result

in an attractive cream of tomato

chocolate, corretarch or cereal pud-

dings. Use milk in egg custard,

tapioca, or cook rice in it. A slice

of well toasted bread will absorb a

fair quantity of milk without

"showing." A little sugar and a

speck of powdered cinnamon will

make this milk toast look like

USE FOR GERMAN HELMETS.

"My boy has sent over a German

"Personally I'd use it for a gar-

nelmet. What do you suppose I can

Use milk in muttins, in cocoa, in

ing or bribing, try "camouflage."

bacon or beefsteak and then milk

seems insipid and tasteless.

because of the white color."

soup of delicate hue.

inexpensive conveniences.

ful mind that might have been.

to provide milk.

majority of human beings.

at the settlement told men that no

the place of milk. But mine do not

pay her weekly milk bill.

'M so glad my little boy has

become disgusted with

milk-and just at a time

when the milk companies

"Well-I've missed you, too."

to miss you all these months?"

"You are sweet! You dear little,

feel all clean-and sweet."

a very quiet, intent voice:

CHAPTER LXVIII.

(Copyright, 1919, King Features syndicate Inc.) 7 ELL, where do we go

from here, Mrs. Jimhis low-hung gray racer, "Shell we make it a spin up the River road?" "Anywhere you like. Just to skim along in this adorable car's enough for me," I replied, truthfully-forsetting my chagrin at the way Evvy had forced Sheldon to play host to me, whether or no he liked

"You might have said just to skim along-with me-was enough for you," suggested Sheldon, with such a nice boyish grin that I grinned

"I might have but what's a compliment from a staid old married woman like me?" Sheldon turned and examined me

critically. "Not so staid, Mrs. Jimmie. You're sparkling like a two-year-old before we even start." "Well, I feel like a prancing colt

turned out to pasture," I confessed. I've been shut in for days, you Sheldon patted my arm in what I took to be nice, big-brotherly fashion, and then silence fell tetween us. He devoted himself to the exacting task of driving through the heavy traffic of the avenue. I became absorbed in the huxury of rolling up that avenue

curb to curb in a wild effort to avoid the vast tangle of onrushing "At last we reached the park, Sheldon turned into it, and a clean, woodsy smell blew across our faces. I drew a great breath of it into my

as part of the stream of pleasure

cars, instead of racing madly from

"It's better than the dust and perfume and patchouli of the avenue," murmured Sheldon, as if agreeing with something I had said. "Oh, how comfy of you to under-stand my sniffing like a little dog,"

A Friendly Laugh. To show how well I understand I'll drive down the paths where all

the balsam and pine trees grow. So

prance away, little colt-and sniff

away. little.dog!" Of course, we laughed at our nonsense and that laugh made us really just as friendly and at home with each other as we'd been pre-

Like it?" asked Sheldon as we drove through a narrow path under great cliff hung with birch and

"Like it? I love it!" I cried.

Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

NE fine morning as Puss Junior and Goosey Goosey Ganthrough the air for many miles, alighted near a little red schoolhouse, they heard the teacher saying this little poem:

There's a neat little clock, In the schoolhouse it stands, And it points to the time With its two little hands.

And if any scholar Is found in disgrace. This dear little clock With its hands hides its face.

Just then the teacher looked toward the door and saw little Puss Junior standing there with Goosey Gander. So he stepped down from the platform and walked down the aisle in the center of the school room. "How do you do?" he said, but he didn't ask them in.

And I'll tell you the reason.' He was the same schoolmaster who taught the school that Mary went to, and of course you know what happened when she took her lamb

Well, he knew, anyway, and so he politely bowed to Puss and Goosey Gander, but he never asked them in. Oh, dear no!

"I cannot ask you in, my friends," he said. "for I'm afraid it will make the children laugh and play, and they must study hard today, for school days will be over soon, a few weeks off, the first of June!" But just then one of the boys be-

Here's a pussy cat and a goose. .Fll study no more, for what's the

If cats and geese are coming to school.

I'll have fun and break every rule." And up he jumped and threw his spelling book at another boy and hit him on the ear, and, Oh, dear me! there was a terrible time in that school for the next few min-

The teacher ran back and took hold of that boy and shook him by the collar, and some of the little girls screamed, and the little clock it stopped ticking right away and" covered its face with its hands. You see, it just couldn't bear to see such a dreadful sight. And then it began to strike one, two, three, four, five, and it wouldn't stop.

Louder and louder it struck the time, until the children became so frightened that they sat perfectly still. They didn't dare whisper, and when it was all quiet again the litthe clock stopped, and turned its hands back to the right time, and began to tick away as peacefully

Then little Puss Junior and Georcy Gander slipped away unnoticed, for they were afraid to make a noise lest the children should laugh. And in the next Mory you shall hear how Puss Junmeets Mary, but not her little

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A Story of Early Wedded Life

"We'll drive on into the heart of the sunset-and then on into the dark-and then-and then, Little Lilac Lady?" asked Shelden in a low voice with a queer vibrating

"And then we'll turn around and drive home again, I suppose." I said in a dry practical tone. For suddenly I had come to realize that Sheldon Blake was flirting with me firting hard, and with al the certainty and finesse of a man to whom this was an old game. Was he doing it merely because he was "that sort" and kept his hand in with any woman who came along? Or was it because it had piqued him to have Evvy send him out so unceremoniously while she stayed alone with Jim?

"We'll turn and drive home now. if you've had enough," Sheldon an-

A Hard Question. Evidently he was sensitive, and

my reply to his last bit of-sentiment-had hurt him. "Will you bring me out again?" I

entured to placate him. He turned and gri, ped my hand. Surest thing you know. And perhaps some day Jimmie and his sister Virginia, too."

At this I smiled to myself. Of course! Why had I forgotten Virginia? It was because of her, no doubt, that Sheldon was cultivating me, and he was making the absurd mistake of thinking I could help him with her. But not even the thought of Virginia could spoil the

As we drove home in the afterglow and the twilight, the quick leap of understanding in that last moment kept us silent. I felt sure Sheldon was thinking of Virginia, and the person of whom I was thinking was pretty closely related to her. I kept wondering over

"Is Jim happy alone with Evvyor does he wonder what I am do-

In the fast-falling twilight I took off my hat and let the little evening breezes play through my hair. When we came to the dark of that cliff-hung path I thought I felt Sheldon's hand on my hair.
"You're sweet—little Lilac Lady -very sweet. We'll come again,"

All in a second I slipped on my hat. In another moment we were back on the bright main path. I was a little frightened and conscious. Sheldon Blake had touched my hair almost caressingly.

Was that for Virginia-or because any woman was "fair game" (To Be Continued.)

Prevention of **Disease**

By Brice Belden, M. D.

OWADAYS great stress is laid upon the prevention of disease, although it is true that our methods of dealing with sickness are highly perfected. Nobody wants to be sick even if doctors are marvelously skillful and nurses never so accom-

The degree of our civilization is really measurable by the extent to which we practice preventive medicine, for nowadays our public health experts can deal competently with disease if we permit them to apply their vast knowledge and back them generously. Public health is today actually purchasable. The prevalence of certain diseases in a community is proof that its citizens are not availing thenuselves of what modern medican science has to offer. Disease is not the result of di-

vine wrath or a natural consequence of sin in the old sense. It results from violations of the laws of health-from a sinning against hygienic and sanitary principles. Much of our "rheumatism," digestive disorders and heart disease is due to infections in and about the teeth, which infections we are now well equipped to deal with.

Proper and adequate nourishment will ward off a whole host of diseases, among them tuberculosis. It is obvious that clean living would soon put a stop to the ravages of the so-called social dis-

The removal of adenoids results in a sufficient development of the chest, proper general growth, the conservation of hearing, the regular alignment of the teeth, the prevention of anemia and "colds," and the preservation of attractive facial

Glandular tuberculosis in children is in many cases the result of invasion by way of the tonsils and teeth. The germ of tuberculosis flourishes famously in diseased tonsils and decaying teeth.

Alcohol used to head the list of the causes of physical disease and misery, but we have gone far in our fight against this poison and there must be few people who have not a pretty clear understanding concerning its potentiality for harm. The conquest of alcohol is a proof what can be accomplished through general enlightenment. And the taxpayer is rapidly com

ing to realize that community health means administrative economy in the long run. Finance the public health authorities generously and there will be fewer prisons and hospitals and agencies for the care dependents and the insane.

Vanquished. "Willie," said the village curate

in a severe tone of voice, "I am particularly serry, Willie, to see you have a black eye. I must read you a lesson."

"You'd better go home verself." retorted the urchin checkily, "and read your Jimmy one, then. He's





e Day the Children Started Back to School By FONTAINE FOX.



The Club-Footed Man

A NEW SPY SERIAL BY VALENTINE WILLIAMS **Gerry Insists That Desmond Produce** His Passports, and the Englishman Promises to Get Them.

(Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.)

Desmond Okewood, British army officer, goes to Germany in search of his brother, Francia, a member of the British secret service. At a small frontier town a man named Semila, a German Government agent, drops dead in his room. Desmond appropriates Semila's papers and assumes his identity. He reaches Berlin without incident and is conducted into the presence of General Von Boden, an aide of the Kaiser.

Desmond. having convinced Von (Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.)

Desmond, having convinced Von Boden he is really Semiin, is ushered into the residence of the Kaiser. Later he receives a cipher messa-ce from his brother, Francis Desmond meets Clubfoot, who explains what he wants of Semiin. Desmond encounters Monica, who hides him from Clubfoot's men. She explains that Clubfoot's identity is a mystery to her.

"There has been no shooting there for two years now and the place is overstocked with game. The government has been appealing to people with shooting preserves to kill their game and put it on the market, so I had arranged to go up to Bellevue this month and see the agent about this. I thought if I could prevail on Gerry to come with me, you could ac-company him and you might get across the Dutch frontier from there. It's only about fifteen miles away from the Castle. If I can get a move on Gerry, there is no reason why we shouldn't go away in a day or two. In the meantime you'll be quite safe here."

I told her I must think it ever: she seemed to be risking too much But I think my mind was already made up. I could not bring destruction on this faithful friend. Then I went upstairs again to

Gerry, who was in as vile a temper as before. His lunch had disagreed with him: he hadn't slept: the room was not hot enough complaints he showered at me as soon as I appeared. He was in his most impish and malicious mood. He sent me running hither and thither: he gave me an order and withdrew it in the same breath: my complacency seemed to irritate him, to encourage him to provoke At last he came back to his old

sore subject, my English accent. "I guess our good American is too homely for a fine English gentleman like you," he said, "but I believe you'll as lief speak as you with this city. An English accent is not healthy in Berlin at present, Mister Meyer, sir, and you'd best learn to talk like the rest of us if you want to keep on staying in this house. "I'm in no state to be worried

just now and I've no notion of having the police in here because some of their dam' plain-clothes men have heard my attendant saying 'charnce' and 'darnee' like any Britisher-especially with English spy running round loose. By the way, you'll have to be registered? Has my sister seen about it yet?" I said she was attending to it.

"I want to know if she's done it. I'm a helpless cripple and I can't get a thing done for me. Have you given her your papers? Yes

This was a bad fix. With all the persistence of the invalid, the man was harping on his latest whim. So I lied. The Countess had my

papers, I said.
Instantly he rang the bell and demanded Monica and had fretted himself into a fine state by the time she "What's this I hear, Montea?" he

cried in his high-pitched (querulous voice. 'Hasn't Meyer been registered with the police yet?" "I'm going to see to it myself in

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX. Worries About Appearance. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am nineteen, with a very poor complexion. So I am ashamed to go out with a girl who has a perfect complexion, though I have known her for a year and have already taken her out to places.

I know this girl likes me very much. I have always treated her well, and I am good-natured. Many a night

I have always treated her well, and I am good-natured. Many a night when I meet her she stops to talk with me, and before I leave her she stands there still and silent waiting for me to say. "Would you like to take in the show tomorrow night, or go to a dance?" But I am ashamed and say good night. I have a round face, dark brown wavy hair and brown eyes, but when I think of the face, that settles it. Could you advise me what to tell the girl, whom I like very much?

The only thing you can do is to The only thing you can do is to

try to overcome your self-consciousnuess. Other people don't think about your complexion nearly as much as you do, and you must have learned that when a person is interesting and friendly appearance doesn't matter seriously. My advice is that you ask this girl to go out with you at the first opportunity. If she is willing to go, you must try to realize that you have no real cause for worry.

A Matter of Age.

DEAR MISS PAIRFAX:
I am twenty and in love with a young man of eighteen. No one knows his age, except, of course, his family.
I do not think any fellow could treat a girl as nicely as he treats me and that is why i continue going with him. He is polite in all respects and my sisters and father like him very much. Now what I want to know is if there is any harm in going with him because he is younger than I am' A READER If two young people are congetial, it can make no possible differ-

ence which of them is younger. The disparity in your ages is surely not a disgraceful thing that you need conceal. I think you are sttaching a great deal too much in-

"In the morning. In the morning!" he cried, throwing up his hands. "Good God, how can you be so shiftless A law is a law. The man's papers must be sent in ro-day. • • this instant."

Monica looked apealingly at me "I'm afraid I'm to blame; sir," I said. "The fact is, my passport is not quite in order and I shall have to take it to the embassy before I send it to the police." Then I saw Josef standing by the bed, a salver in his hand

"Zom letters, sir," he said te Gerry.
I wondered how long he had bee in the room.

Gerry waved the letters ande and burst into a regular screaming fit, He wouldn't have things done that way in the house; he wouldn't have unknown foreigners brought it, with the city thick with spies-especially people with an English accent—his nerves wouldn't stand it; Monica ought to know better, and so on and so forth. The long and the short of it was that I was ordered to produce my passport immediately. Menica was to ring up the embassy to ask them to stretch a point and see to it out of office hours, then Josef should take me round to the police. I don't know how we got out of

sweet womanly tact, who managed it. I believe the madman even demanded to see my passport, but Monica scraped me through that trap as well.

I had left my hat and coat in the entrance hall downstairs. I put on coat, then went to Monica in the

that room. It was Monica, with her

morning-room. There was much she wanted to say—I could see it in her eyes—but I think she gathered from my face what I was going to do, so she said nothing.
At the door I said aloud, for the

benefit of Josef, who was on the "Very good, my boy. I will come straight back from the embassy and then go with Josef to the po-

The next moment I was adrift is

CRAPTER XIII. I Find Achilles in His Tent

Outside darkness had fallen. I had a vague suspecion that the found the Bendler-Strasse quite undisturbed. It ran its quiet, aristocratic length to the tangle of bare branches marking the Tiergarten-Strasse with not so much as a dog to strike terror into the heart of the amateur spy. Even in the Tier-garten-Strasse, where the Jewish millionaires live, there was little traffic and few people about, and I felt singularly unromantic as I walked briskly along the clean pavements towards Unter den Lin-

Once more the original object of my joursey into Germany stood clearly before me. traordinary series of adventures had deflected me from my course, but never from my purpose. I realized that I should never feel happy in my mind again if I left Germany without being assured as to my brother's fate. And now I was on the threshold either of great discovery or of an overwhelming disappointment.

For the street called In den Zelten was my next objective. I knew might be on the wrong track attogether in my interpretation of what I was pleased to term in my mind the message from Francis. If I had read it falsely—if, perhaps, were not from him at all-then all the hopes I had built on this mad dash into the enemy's country would collapse like a house of cards. Then, indeed, I should be h

a sorry pass.

But my luck was in, I felt. Hitherto, I had triumphed over all difficulties. I would trust in my destiny to the last.
I had taken the precoution

turning up my overcoat collar and of palling my hat well down over my eyes, but no one troubled me. I reflected that only Clubfoot and Schmals were in a position to recognise me and that, if I steered clear of places like hotels and restaurants and railway stations, where criminals always seem to be caught, I might continue to enjoy comparative immunity. But the trouble was the transport question That reminded me.
I must get rid of Semilin's pass

port. As I walked along I tore it into tiny pieces, dropping each fragment at a good interval from the other. It cost me something to do it, for a passport is always useful to flash the eyes of the tenorant. But this passport was dasgerous. It might denounce me to a nan who would not otherwise receguize me. I had some difficulty in finding

In den Zelten I had to ask the way, once of a popman and once of a wounded soldier who was limping along with crutches. Finally, I found it, a narrowish street running off a corner of the great square in front of the Reichstag. No. 2 was the second house on the

I had no plan. Nevertheless, I walked boldly upstairs. There was but one flat on each floor. At the third story I halted, rather out of breath, in front of a door with a small brass plate inscribed with the name "Eugene Kore." I rang the bell boldly.

An elderly man-servant opened the door. "Is Herr Eugen Kore at home" asked.

The man looked at me suspicious-"Has the gentleman an appoint-

"No." I replied. "Then the herr will not receive

the gentleman," came the answer. and the man made as though to close the door. I had an inspiration.

(TO BE CONTENUED TO